

College Suffers Great Loss by Death of Mrs. H. N. Redigan

Bursar and Secretary to the President
Since Founding of J. C. C.

The death of Mrs. Helen N. Redigan, Business Manager and Secretary to President Cortright, came as a shock to all members of the College Community. When we returned to our classrooms after the Christmas holiday and missed Mrs. Redigan from her office, we learned that she was in the Stamford Hospital for a gall-bladder operation. We expected her to be absent for a few weeks. The announcement that she had died during the night of Friday, January 8, both surprised and saddened us.

We shall miss the genial smile, the friendly greeting, the encouraging word of our friend.

At the final assembly of the semester, on Wednesday, January 20, President Cortright paid tribute to the exceptional traits which made Mrs. Redigan a universal favorite.

President Pays Tribute

His short speech is given in full:

"In this restricted time I can do no more than call attention to some of the outstanding qualities that she brought with her, day by day, into the office of this institution and into her dealings with you.

"We all knew her for her high devotion to duty. It mattered not what the difficult problem was. The only question ever raised in her mind was, 'Can I help?'

"We knew her for her infinite patience with everybody. We went to her with countless problems. She listened to us, all day long, and I have known day after day when her own work could not be begun until five o'clock. Her patience had lasted throughout the day in dealing with us.

Authority on School Matters

"We knew her, of course, as a complete encyclopedia, rather a fountain, of information on college plans or policies or details of any kind. She was far better informed than I was, or than any person in this organization here, on the details of the many subjects concerning which we as individuals needed information.

"We knew Mrs. Redigan for her fine, saving sense of humor,—and she needed it.

"We knew her for her devotion as a wife and mother. There isn't one woman in 10,000 who would be willing to commute 1300 miles a month in order that her husband might have a home near his work. Many times she remained working here until 9:30 at night, returning at that late hour to her home, even though she might have stayed in Bridgeport with her mother. She was unwilling to be away from her two lovely children.

"We knew her for her very unusual efficiency even under heavy pressure.

I call to mind the year of 1933, when, without assistance, I had the responsibility of contacting all the private junior colleges of America in a project that had to do with national legislation. The pressure under which she worked at that time was crushing. No limits to hours, no limits to work. The necessity had to be met, and she met it.

"And we knew her, finally, for her genuine friendliness. Did you ever know her to be unfriendly or to do an unfriendly act? Hers was a real, an understanding, friendliness. No matter what problem we took to her, she had the time, she took the time, she found the time to give us the best answer and fullest consideration that it was possible to give.

"Such a character as hers we are not going to forget. I am grateful for having had the privilege of association with her over a long period of years. Her life will be an inspiration to many of us for years to come."

At the request of The Scribe President Cortright has reviewed briefly the activities of Mrs. Redigan's career as Secretary, Bursar, and Business Manager of The Junior College of Connecticut.

Short Biographical Sketch

Helen Nitsche came to me in the Board of Education office as my Secretary October 1, 1918. During the four years of city-wide planning in the Elementary Schools for a new course of study for which I was responsible, she carried on the duties of the office and the preparation of all materials. This work she did in addition to my correspondence.

When I became Superintendent of Schools in September, 1925, Miss Nitsche naturally remained with me, and through three extremely hectic years she was my secretary in the Board of Education office. We worked both day and evening. She carried an enormous amount of responsibility.

Upon my resignation on July 1, 1925, Miss Nitsche also resigned. I do not recall where she made a business connection. During the time when I was on the staff at New York University she did part-time work for me in connection with my responsibilities at the University.

Junior College Activities

When the Junior College idea blossomed forth early in 1927, she came back to me on full time and assisted in working out the complete details for organizing the college: selecting the faculty, writing the catalog, caring for publicity, etc.

When the College opened on Feb. 1, (continued on page 3)

SCHOOL NOTES

SERVICE FLAG

At the last assembly of the first semester, held on January 20, a Service Flag was presented to the college by the Women's Faculty Club, represented by Mrs. Decker. President Cortright graciously accepted the flag. Its fifty-eight stars represent the fifty-eight students and alumni of J. C. C. who have already entered into the Service of our country.

The SCRIBE has always been of the opinion that a Service Flag would be the most appropriate way of showing that our boys have not been forgotten. We are happy to see that our suggestion has become a reality.

PROSPECTS FOR SECOND SEMESTER

"Junior College will emerge from this crisis bigger and better. We are not going to close down on account of the war." In his official statement to the press (meaning, of course, us) Mr. Halsey made public the fact that J.C.C. is definitely going to continue in operation.

Although the ranks of the students will be depleted by the induction, sooner or later, of most of the boys, we are expecting a number of students from New London Junior College, which recently closed. Moreover, we have a large registration of girls.

The faculty is considering plans for an accelerated program, and for more evening classes for adults. J.C.C. is going to meet the demands imposed on it by the war and will stand its ground.

BAPTIST CHURCH INVITATION

On Sunday, January 10, the college accepted the kind invitation of Dr. Ronald V. Wells, pastor of The First Baptist Church, and his congregation to be the guests of the church at the eleven o'clock service. In the timely sermon, "Ships Without Ballast", Dr. Wells deplored the rush away from the Liberal Arts Curriculum, in the present war crisis.

IN THE CLUBS

The Glee Club, which began as a boy and girl organization, looks as though it will be exclusively female from now on.

The Dramatic Club, also troubled by lack of men, is reading plays and tearing its hair, trying to think where they'll get enough manpower to handle the male leads. May we suggest, girls, that you get busy and learn the black art of male impersonation, and produce a classic like "This is the Army, Mistress Brown!"

The Library Society is troubled by the fact that nary a student—boy or girl—turned up at the last meeting which was scheduled; and you can't blame that on the war! Concluding that the hour previously chosen is not a convenient hour, the society will try a noon-hour for the next meeting. Bring your lunches (the Society will furnish a bowl of soup or coffee), and be ready to talk about library needs on Tuesday, February 9, at ten minutes past twelve.

Shortened Season Shows Surprises

Cliff Lockwood Stars

On December 14, Junior College basketball players and fans journeyed to Fairfield where the Roger Ludlowe team was to play host to the J.C.C. cagers. The team which was put on the floor by the college was, with the exception of one man, entirely different from last year's great club. The only holdover is Cliff Lockwood. A new coach was also very much in evidence, and more than one person was watching to see just what Charles Petroshonus would be able to do in his new position. Another veteran from last season (not a player) is the versatile manager, Merton Lief.

After the J. C. C. Jayvees had squeezed out a 19-17 win, the varsity took the floor and proceeded to outplay and demoralize completely a fighting Fairfield team. After gaining an impressive first half lead, the collegians faltered and Ludlowe rallied.

The suburbanites' rally, however, was not quite enough, and J.C.C. was able to hold an advantage and win with the score of 28 to 22. Bob Jacob and Bill D'Arcy led in the scoring. Bob Jennings claimed the honor of being the first player in the district to be ousted from the game on four personal fouls. Harry Riley and Cliff Lockwood were the other starting players; Charlie Strattard, Jim Gallagher, and Bob Wiemer saw a little action.

Practically a month later, the team was subjected to a humiliating defeat at the hands of Bridgeport Trade's previously thrice beaten quintet. Overconfidence, lack of adequate practice, and bad breaks in the schedule arrangement combined to set the collegians back on their fannies by the score of 41 to 28. The same team that started at Fairfield began this game. Howard McLaughlin and Bob Wiemer were used in substitute roles during the game. Jennings scored sixteen points and is said to have been paid off on January 15. In the preliminary bout the J.C.C. Jayvees blew the game to the Trade Seconds, 18 to 14. Enough said about the whole wretched afternoon of January 13.

J.C.C. Beats Milford High

On January 20, the team played in Milford at the high school. The team went into the game as slight favorites. They were mindful of what had happened at Trade and were all set to square things once more. The outcome—well, Junior College beat Milford High 35-30. Not too bad.

The game scheduled with Milford Prep for January 23 was canceled because of weather conditions. No games are scheduled for the week of January 25 to 30. School officials and members of the team feel that all will have their hands filled during the examination period. The first week in February, J.C.C. plays against Stratford High on Tuesday evening, against Central High Wednesday afternoon, and against Bridgeport Trade once more on Friday.

THE SCRIBE

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Editor-in-Chief..... Ray Ganim
Associate Editor..... Tania von York
Business Manager..... Alexander Zimmer
Business Staff..... Phyllis Bergner,
Gus Fooriotis, Sherwood Kahn
Freshman Editor..... Irving Poliner
Feature Writers..... Ethel Kramer,
Florence Rapoport, Julian Sohon, Shirley
Danenberg, Edward Lawlor, Bess Peterson,
Howard McLaughlin.
Typists..... Alice Tarini, Sophia Coclin
Faculty Adviser..... Dr. Charles B. Goulding

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY FOR WAR WORK

There was a notice on the bulletin board just the other day, asking for a girl to help supervise young children in the afternoons at a children's charity home.

The need for children's supervisors is much more serious than we realize. A great many mothers in Bridgeport are doing full, or part-time, war work. When their children come home from school in the afternoons, there is nowhere for them to play, except in an empty house, and no one for them to play with. Only too often these children resort to the main streets as playgrounds. Often older sisters and brothers are required to mind them for precious hours when the older children should be studying or enjoying some sort of recreation.

The charity homes and playgrounds are open to the children for the purpose of keeping them off the streets and of relieving slightly older children of just that responsibility. The children are given, besides pure recreation, constructive projects to work on.

If there are children in your community who are homeless in the afternoons, and with no one to keep them occupied or out of mischief, you can aid the war effort by finding out where the nearest playground center is and suggesting it as a recreation center at which they can spend their time. Spare time breeds Crime!

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

"Peaceful is morning in the shrine garden;
World events also, it is hoped, will be peaceful."

Thus spake Hirohito—before the war.

The moral to this story is that, in making the peace, we will have to learn to think of the enemy in terms of common human good. There must be no second Versailles treaty.

It is a good thing to remember that the Germans and Japanese, however misguided they may be and however perverted their mental processes, are some of the material out of which the postwar economy is going to be built.

We in the colleges should be the last to succumb to war-bred forces of hatred and insularity and the first to offer complete rational cooperation and assistance to the people whom we defeat in battle.

INTERVIEW WITH DEAN SCURR

Seen at first as a quiet apparition gliding through the halls, Dean Scurr materializes upon closer acquaintance as a good teacher with a likable personality. Even the sleepiest students stay awake in her classes and come away with a good deal of information painlessly acquired.

Dean Scurr likes students, animals, and prairies. She has three cats, one is called Nicholas II, because he is the most important. She likes teaching in school, gardening and cooking at home, and in the world of arts she likes music, poetry, and drama. She makes tollhouse cookies "because people like to eat them."

Dean Scurr spent a happy childhood on a farm among the cornfields of

Glidden, Iowa, and walked two miles every day to a country schoolhouse. On a recent visit to her home town, she found that Glidden had not changed much; the country schoolhouse was still there, surrounded by the same walnut trees.

Not many people know it, but piano playing is one of Dean Scurr's accomplishments. She studied music for a number of years, and with three other pianists played arrangements of Beethoven symphonies for eight hands.

Her interest in literature developed early, and we find Dean Scurr, at the age of seven, starting to write a novel whose leading character was "a tramp in need of milk, money, and a home." We find her some time later majoring

Thumb-nail Sketches

TANIA VON YORK

Zdravet vuyte! If you hear a cheery "good-morning" called out in this manner, you will know that our energetic Tania is around.

Besides being an honor student, associate-editor of the Scribe, running a home, bringing up Boris, and being a member of the famous G.D. club, Tania still finds time to trot down to Landy's every day at 11:30 for lunch with Drape Shape Toth and Shmutz Kramer, two of her notorious pals.

If you want to know anything about child psychology, ask Tania how she brings up her five-year old son; she'll be glad to give you a few pointers on rearing children. Boris gets spanked only when he's very, very bad; otherwise, he spends a good deal of his probation time standing in the corner.

Tania has a great gift for writing poetry, as you know, if you read her "Autumn" in the last issue of the Scribe. However, some of her very best poetical accomplishments are for the eyes of only her best friends and are rare and ingenious character sketches.

You must wonder how, with all her school activities, Tania has time to run a home. Anyway, we know she spent most of her Christmas vacation cleaning house. If you should ask her how she ever finds time to cook dinner when she arrives home about 5:30 every night, she would say, "There are always can openers, you know."

She is anything but shy, and can always return your jokes verbally. But get her in a public speaking class and our Tania turns into an entirely different person and generally takes on a peculiar but becoming shade of pink when called upon for one of her rare speeches.

Tania has aspirations of attending Barnard next year and hopes someday to enter the field of journalism.

Best of luck, Tania; and with your energy and ambition, who knows where you'll end up?

HOWARD McLAUGHLIN

If you ever have the assignment of interviewing a person, take Howard, better known as Howie, McLaughlin. He is the easiest person on earth to get to talk about himself; the words just flow from him at the rate of about one hundred per second.

The newly-elected president of the Freshman Class is one of the most versatile persons alive. On football, basketball, tennis, and baseball teams he is active, but definitely his favorite sport is golf. When he plays golf in the summer (naturally), his friends call him "hacker". Among his many nicknames are "Howie", "Mac", Albert

in literature at Simpson College, then for two years teaching English in high school, then studying it again at the University of Minnesota, and, finally, coming to the Junior College to teach English and American Lit. and Freshman Comp.

Of her numerous intellectual pursuits, Dean Scurr likes book collecting best. Her favorite outdoor sport is traveling, and she has been, to mention one of her trips, in Russia and passed through some of the places in the Caucasus where the fighting is going on.

(which, incidentally, is really his first name), "A.H.", and "Doc".

He is slightly touchy on the subject of women (take heed, girls), and may be adequately termed as "girl shy". However, A.H., or whichever name you prefer, definitely likes the far-a-way, of so far-a-way, look a certain five foot three brunette casts his way every now and then.

His hobby (get this!) is collecting the wrappers around sugar lumps which he picks up at the places he visits. How this ration business must affect you, Doc!

Dancing? Well, just plain—no fast stuff; he gets worn out too quickly.

His pet peeve is that he was all set to get his driver's license when the gas rationing went into effect. Says Howie, "Wait until I get an army jeep". Maybe, this gas rationing was a blessing in this respect!

Albert attended the best high school in Bridgeport, (or perhaps we're just prejudiced),—anyway he went to Bas-sick, where he graduated with honors, served as sports editor of the "Voice", and won an essay award at graduation. He says it's the easiest ten dollars he ever made. A friend, who won the first prize, persuaded Howie to enter, and this is how our friend won the easy money.

Mac is rather conservative on clothes, methinks. He doesn't like zoot suits. Otherwise, he likes any kind of clothes, mostly sport.

His favorite hangout is Wood Park, with the fellas—note: no girls! (He's consistent, anyway.)

Howie's aspirations toward dramatics were thoroughly killed in the year 1941 when he had to kiss a girl right on the stage. Then and there he gave up drama for all time. When he was in the sixth grade he portrayed David Copperfield in weekly installments.

His favorite job—well, one summer he worked five days a week at sixty-five cents an hour waving a red flag on a construction gang. Then he most conveniently got hurt by a pick and was paid compensation for the rest of the summer. Nice going, Howie.

He likes any kind of food, anywhere, anytime. That's why, says Mac, that he is five feet tall and five feet wide. Another Mr. Five by Five, no less.

Albert Howard McLaughlin has hopes of attending Penn. U. to study dentistry. His pet worry is whether or not he'll really wind up as a dentist. He has a hunch that the army won't get him for a while yet. Well, that's the first hunch I've heard of that kind for a long time. Here's hoping we'll see you around for a while yet, then, Doc.

FROSH NEWS

At a recent meeting, the officers of the Freshman Class decided to sponsor a social affair in April. Keith Birge was appointed as a committee of one to consult Mrs. Decker; Ann Delano and Bob Jennings are making plans with Dean Scurr. When the Freshman class meets next, the officers will discuss their plans with the group.

Prof. Everett—Did you ever hear a mosquito cry?

Pris Anderson—No, but I've seen a moth ball.

Gas House

Greetings, Kids! This is Shmutzie back again with the latest gossip.

It looks as if the romance between Muriel Rodman and Bob Jennings is going to last. . . . At one time Bette Carrol had Carmen's ring. Now Carmen has it back. What's brewing? . . . Betty Rourke is still very chummy with her usher. She has something to show for it, too. Just ask her! . . . Marge Wolf is planning to take an engineering course at Curtis Wright in New York at the end of this semester. . . . The first person Pvt. Stanley Udelman looked for was Doris Dickens. Lucky Doris has two good men! . . . Question of the month: Who is Benny? . . . Did you know that Peg Rogers has Jim's scholarship and athletics pin? . . . That was a very interesting discussion the Spanish Class had about Drouve St., Ray, Carmen, and Burt! . . . A note of thanks to those Profs. who donated so generously to the March of Quarters. . . . Gems in Prof. Chamberlain's classes: Manasevit's slip of the tongue in Soch. and the big laugh in the American History class over "Big-Drunk" Houston. . . . Natalie Collins was expecting a ring for Christmas. Did she get it? . . . Who was the beautiful babe seen lunching at Landy's with D'Arcy before Christmas?

FLAMING ROMANCE OF THE MONTH: Phyllis Bergner and Sandy Zimmer! (Incidentally Sandy found out who Sadie Boff is.) . . . Lenny Gordon has pictures of the Boff "Orphans" in his locker. You can see them if you make an appointment with Lenny. Only twenty-five cents a look. . . . Motto of the Spanish Class: "Praise the Lord and Pass the Spanish Homework." (Tarini) . . . Who put up the "Do Not Disturb, People Sleep-

ing" sign on the door of the Accounting 201 Class? Could it have been Frances Martin? . . .

ASIDE TO PROF. BRYAN: We certainly do appreciate the "laffs" after a boring day; especially the "Subway Ride." . . . **HIT PARADE OF THE GIRLS LOCKER ROOM:** (1) "In Ancient Days There Was A Maid" (2) "When I Was Up In Winnipeg Valley" (3) "I Don't Care If It Rains Or Freezes." (4) "I Came Here to Talk for Joe" (Toth and P. Anderson) (5) "In the Hills of West Virginia" (6) "I Don't Want to Walk Without You" (7) "I Wish I Were a Fascinating . . ."

Eve Wilber never has trouble with her three men. They get sick so conveniently! . . . Spotted Percy Anderson and Joe Szymanski at the "Rose-land" . . . Shirley "Queenie the Cutie of the G.D. Club" Danenberg is dividing her heart between Michigan and Columbia? The nice part about it is that Jack and Frank are the best of friends! . . . Marie "Bag of Bagdad" Toth walked home from Kramer's house one night with William Burns Gebbie at 1:30 A.M. and Toth claims he's a nice kid! . . . Lydia Smith would like to know what the boys from Dakota are like. At least they know their English Lit., Lyddy! . . . **V FOR VICTORY GIRLS:** Carole Martin and Evelyn Halper . . . Marion Caltado is going "steady" with a New Yorker! . . . Bess "Glamorous" Peterson's favorite man is now in Newfoundland. He's the handsome one who was at school not so very long ago. Boy, can she pick them! . . . We wish Mr. Pawson would knock before entering the Girls' Locker Room. Even Dreier used to knock sometimes. . . . Jane Dionis was doing the most magnificent cartwheels in the halls last week. . . .

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Tania von York makes the most delicious egg-nogs. They have Russian oomph in them, haven't they, Marie? . . . Percy Anderson has forgotten Danny and is being nice to Joe . . . Spotted: Betty Wash and Hal Zetterstrom down Main Street last Saturday night. . . . Also, Fred Suchy with a dark-haired babe in the down-town section. . . . There has been very little going on in the Boys' Locker Room lately. What's the matter, boys? The girls seem to be making up for you, though. . . . Wally Kamens has a contract with The American Telephone Co. He promised to use the phone at least fifty times a day. . . . During the Christmas vacation all of the girls from J.C.C. worked at Howland's and the boys worked in Leavitt's. The Christmas Formal at the Y.W.C.A. was a howling success. The Sweetheart Dance in February should prove even more successful. . . . We think Ray Ganim's haircut is nice. At least you won't have to get it cut every two

months now, Ganim! . . . Stan Manasevit is a master of hypnosis. Some day we will have to have another demonstration, Stan. . . Prof. Everett's imitation of a frog kicking!

MRS. HELEN N. REDIGAN

(continued from page 1)

1928 her title was Secretary to the President. This job she filled easily and completely. Since she and I were the only two people in the office, her responsibility was extremely broad. As the college grew in size, she was made the Bursar having full charge of the collection of all moneys, payments of all bills, the ordering of all books and supplies. Later on, because the corporation had taken on other properties, she was made business manager. This was a terrific load for any one to undertake.

About thirteen years ago she married John Redigan, who had been a part-time student at the college in previous years. Their home is located on Hickory Road, Stamford. They have two children: Jean is eleven and Sheila about four years of age.

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HOWLAND'S



BOOGIE-WOOGIE

George Kregling

America's swing fans installed a successor to Benny Goodman as "King of Swing", this past week. **Down-Beat** magazine announced that "Duke" Ellington and his great crew had placed first in its annual contest. Goodman, who has been champ for the last seven or eight years, finished second. It was only a matter of time that the "Duke" would be "King" for he has been known as the "musicians' musician" for many years. Ellington's formula for success seems to be: write, arrange, and play the numbers yourself. "Solitude," "Mood Indigo," "Caravan," and "I Got It Bad" are a few of "Duke's" numerous hits. His latest, "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," (recorded on Victor as "Never No Lament") is fast becoming a hit.

Last Saturday night, the 23rd, "Duke" Ellington and his entire crew played a gigantic concert in Carnegie Hall for the Russian War Relief. The following night, Bridgeport was host to the new "King" Ellington when he put in an appearance at the Ritz Ballroom. For the very tops in modern music, just give a listen to the "Duke" sometime; he has the best instrumentalists in the entire swing world.

Tommy Dorsey and Spike Jones' City Slickers were chosen "Kings" of Sweet and Corn respectively in the same contest.

The results of **Metronome Magazine's** "All Star Band Contest" were also announced this month. The alto-sax winners were Toots Mondello, lead,

and Benny Carter, hot. Charlie Barnet and Tex Beneke were tops in tenor-sax. Benny Goodman was again at the head of the clarinet division.

The trumpet section consisted of Harry James, Ziggy Elman and Roy Eldridge. Sitting in the rhythm section were Alvino Rey, guitar; Count Basie, piano; Bob Haggart, bass and Gene Krupa on drums. Vocal honors went to Helen Forrest and Frank Sinatra.

Sunday night, January 17th, Dick Jurgens and his orchestra played their last program for the duration, for Dick and a few of his boys have enlisted in the armed forces.

Helen O'Connell is leaving Jimmy Dorsey after his present Strand Theater run, to get married to her Harvard man. She has been signed as vocalist on the "Lower Basin Street" program.

Claude Thornhill and Hal McIntyre were chosen the most original bands of 1942.

There will be no more bands broadcasting from the Meadowbrook or the Glen Island Casino. The gasoline shortage has curtailed the customers.

Lena Horne, the sepia songstress, is creating much excitement in New York these days.

The recording companies haven't been turning out very much to rave about these days. The one high-note of the last few batches is Tommy Dorsey's new platter. In fact it is one of the best he has turned out in a long time, for both sides are excellent listening. The first is a Sy Oliver arrangement of "Mandy Make Up Your Mind" which really rocks solidly. The

other side is another lavish production featuring Frank Sinatra and The Pied Pipers singing "It's Started All Over Again."

It's time to put an end to the boogie and to play the theme song; but before I leave, I'd like to invite you to our next little session of "Boogie Woogie."

HOLLYWOOD DISPATCH

The movie industry, like most other industries in this democracy of ours, has been affected by the war. How citizen John Doe has felt toward the shortage of sugar, gasoline, and range oil is how Hollywood feels toward the shortage of male actors. Agents, producers, directors, leading ladies, and others concerned wrack their brains out and burn the midnight oil (what there is left) trying to solve this problem.

We, who are connected with the J.C.C. Scribe, have submitted a solution and are pretty sure that before the year is over a few members of the faculty will leave for Hollywood to replace a few actors who have already joined up with the armed forces and others who are contemplating similar action.

The following, in content, is very similar to the Hollywood-bound proposal:

To replace the great lovers of the screen, such as Boyer and Gable, we offer Prof. Pierre Zampiere.

Prof. Ballou will substitute for jovial Ned Sparks; of course, he will have to lose a little weight.

Prof. Everett, with his Georgia drawl, will "all" step into Bob Burns' shoes.

Handsome Prof. Chamberlain will be an easy double for dashing Laurence Olivier.

Rugged and rough Donald Meek, if the armed services will accept him in any capacity, will be replaced by our own boisterous Prof. Richard Bryan.

For filibusterous, fabulous, verbositerous W. C. Fields, who will perhaps go into the intelligence service as ace propagandist, we offer Dean Clarence Daniel Luther Ropp.

At this point we encountered a little trouble with the board of censors and the Hays Office.) Smooth, intelligent Prof. Bigsbee—of course before the present scandal—could very easily have taken Errol Flynn's place.

Merry, musical Rudy Vallee who may soon join up with his country's forces may have Prof. Goulding stand in for him.

We are aware that this proposal will not remedy the situation entirely, but we are certain that it will "lend a helping hand."

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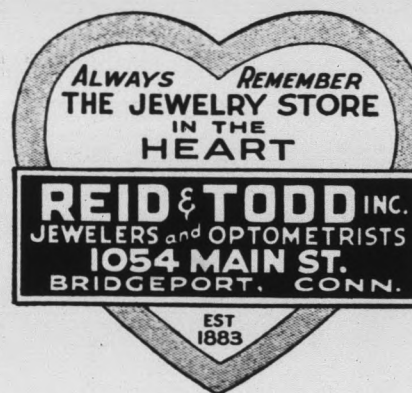
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- Keep Buying War Stamps and Bonds
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